THE UNQUOMONK

1916

PUBLISHED BY THE

WILLIAMSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

The Unquomonk

Published by the Students of the Williamsburg High School
Williamsburg, Massachusetts, June 1916

Editors in Chief

Jennie Kiely — Pearl Anderson

Associate Editors

Belle Bates — Miss A. T. Dumphy
Clarence Larkin — Ruth Brooks
Fay Page — Thomas Wells
Meverette Smith

EDITORIALS

We are very glad to be able to place the first number of the "Unquomonk" before our patrons. We have done our best to make it a successful issue although there has been some little trouble to get suitable material as it always takes time to get people intersted in such a new thing. But we hope that if the paper is continued next year there will not be any such hinderances. We feel sure that, after seeing their schoolmates' names in print each one will be desirous of seeing his or her name also and will take a greater interest in it. We have put in a great deal of the news of the whole year because we felt that, this being the only number of 1916 it would be well that it contain much which could remain as a reminder of the whole happy year to those going out of the school life this June, and would give to those interested in W. H. S. a little resume of the work and play engaged in during the school year.

A JUNE DAY

"Oh what is so rare as a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

'Tis early morning in the meadows. The air is clear and sparkling and flooded with glorious sunshine. The trees cast long green shadows westward on the dewy grass. A stiff little breeze blows from the west, bringing a sense of exhilarating freshness and joy and freedom.

Beyond the old stone wall, a winding lane leads through the fields to enter the cool greenness of a wood not far distant. A willow-bordered brook takes its foaming noisy course through the valley at the

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foot of the meadow. On its farther bank a tumbled line of grey, moss-grown rocks encloses an old neglected orchard, beneath whose gnarled limbs the petals of the blossoms that have been, still strew the grass in a carpet of white.

Beyond, stretch other wide meadows and pastures and woodlands while far away rise the misty morning hills.

'Tis noon. A drowsy hush rests over all. Not a sound breaks the noontide stillness save the subdued singing of the brook. Beneath the trees the sun-flecked shadows lie, cool spots amid the sea of warm sunshine.

Faint breezes, mingling the scent of volets and sun-warmed grass with just the suggestion of fern and pine from yonder cool wood, drift across the meadows, bearing an intoxicating sense of dreamy unreality. Tiny grasshoppers hop about in the warm grass and now and then a yellow butterfly dances idly past.

A languid breeze arises, sways the topmost branches of the wood and steals out across the fields. The sun passes the zenith. It is afternoon.

The shadows lengthen. The sunlight plays in long golden streaks across the meadow grass and steals in slanting streams into the dim green air of the wood.

The sun sinks lingeringly below the golden blue mist enfolding the hills and the radiance left behind, deepens and changes until a rosy glow covers the whole western sky and softly touches meadow grass and tree trunk and westward winding brooklet.

The color fades.

"Twilight falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward in its flight."

Faint stars appear in the deep blue of the eastern sky. From the marsh below the brook comes the musical rythmic peeping of the frogs and the booming of the bigger ones.

Slowly, silently it grows darker. A flutter of wings and a robin's soft chirrup among the dusky branches of an apple tree! A whip-poor-will's weird call comes from out the shadows of the wood. The silvery notes of an oven thrush fall with startling sweetness on the clear air and from afar steels the note of a cuckoo. Day is done.

G.M. D. '17

Miss Dumphy to Culver, '16:—"What is the plural of bread and butter?"

Culver:—"A sandwich."

BASKET BALL NOTES

The girls' basket ball team made up of Jennie Gifford and Meverette Smith as forwards, Belle Bates and May Ryan guards and Amy Goodhue as center, with Jennie Gifford as captain and manager, has proven to the town that all the teams in the surrounding towns have to work hard to defeat them.

The first game of this season was played with Smith School on their floor. Meverette Smith made some clean baskets and Amy Goodhue proved herself one of our best players. The result was a victory for W. H. S. with the score 22—21, which we thought a very good beginning for the season.

However, our hopes were soon to be blighted. We went to Easthampton next. Their floor was very small and so very dark that we had to look twice to tell whether it was the ball that was coming or a stray bat. The result was a score of 21—4 in favor of Easthampton.

However, our defeat by Easthampton daunted us but little and soon we had arranged for a game with the W. H. S. Alumnæ. We played them at the Williamsburg Town Hall. Even thought the Alumnæ had a Smith College girl for center, Amy Goodhue far outplayed her. Jennie Gifford proved herself a fine home and her good playing along Mev. Smith's brought the score up for W. H. S. and we were victorious.

The last game of the season was played with Smith School on our floor. They brought their own referee and even though we had to pay her a small fortune for it, we wern't over pleased with her method of refereeing. Almost every second she called a foul on Burgy, so that at the end of the first half the score was 13—2 in favor of S. A. S. When the whistle blew for the second half we took our places determined to bring the score up and that is what we did. Smith School made two baskets but Burgy made more, and when "time" was called the score was 17—16 in favor of S. A. S. However, with the score so near we were sure that every one would understand how much we could have done had we had a little more practice.

Lest those who will remain in Burgy High should forget us who were on the team and will graduate this year we have decided to have our picture taken and hung in the Assembly Hall.

CRICKET

The girls' Athletic Association has purchased the necessary articles for playing cricket and many of the girls like the game very much. As there are no other schools around here that play cricket the girls will not have the pleasure of defeating an opponent.

TENNIS

Tennis is a favorite sport among the girls and also among some of the boys. Altho' the court is not a first class one, on every fine day it is duly occupied and much healthy exercise is gained.

I was a timid boy
  So unsophisticated
But I came to W. H. S.
  And soon got educated

Tribute to Cicero

Oh Cicero, what made you write
  To cause my greatest fears?
Though today's visions e'er so bright,
  They're turned next morn to tears.

Oh would that you had thought it wise
  To use each shining hour
To translate every bit by bit
  And so us all surprise.

I fail on your orations three
  No matter how I strive;
And though it may be wrong of me
  I'm glad you're not alive.

FAY R. PAGE, '17.

JUNIOR—SENIOR RECEPTION

The class of 1917 gave a reception to the Senior Class, in the Assembly hall, May 12. The hall was trimmed with the Senior Class colors, purple and gold, and the platform was banked with laurel. Miss May Blinn furnished music for the dancing which composed the greater part of the evening's entertainment. Refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served and the company dispersed at 12 o'clock. Evry one enjoyed a good time and the Juniors fell well repaid for their work.

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GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The combined Glee Clubs gave their annual concert in the Williamsburg Town Hall, May 26. The program was as follows:

Song—"The Dance" ..... Girls' Glee Club
Song—"Amici" ..... Boys' Quartette
Song—"La Czarine" ..... Combined Glee Clubs
Song—"The Dinah Dolls" ..... Girls' Quartette
Solo ..... Miss Katherine O'Brien
Song—"Come ye Fairies" ..... Girls' Glee Club
Recitation ..... Pearl Anderson
Duet ..... Ruth Brooks and Ruth Bramble
Song—"Old Folks Medley" ..... Girls' Glee Club
Song—"That Umbrella Trick" ..... Boys' Glee Club
Solo ..... Miss O'Brien
Song—"Good-night, Good-night, Beloved" ..... Combined Glee Clubs
Song and Dance—"The Gypsy Girls"

The concert was followed by dancing until 12 o'clock.

DEBATING NOTES

The Debating Society held their first open meeting May 1, in the Assembly Hall. The program was as follows:

Song ..... Girls' Glee Club
Solo ..... Ruth Brooks

Debate.—Resolved, that the country offers more opportunities for all-around success than the City.

Affirmative	Negative
Belle Bates	Phillip Purrington
Martin Dumphy	Mabel Wells
Roswell Merritt	May Ryan

Declamation ..... Lydia Wade

Debate:—Resolved,t hat this country ought to have a larger army and navy.

Afirmative	Negative
Clarence Larkin	Pearl Anderson
Fay Page	Carl Hemenway
Jennie Kiely	Meverette Smith

Declamation ..... Kenneth Nash

Declamation ..... Rachael Hemenway

Judges for the First Debate

Mr. George Warner Mr. H. A. Smith Mrs. Moore

Judges for the Second Debate

Mr. Pierpont Miss Fitch Mrs. Pierpont

The first debate was won by the affiirmative and the second one by the negative.

The second open Debating Society meeting was held Monday evening, June 5. The program was as follows:

Song— ..... Girls' Glee Club
Solo ..... Belle Bates
Recitation ..... Evelyn Bisbee

Debate:—Resolved, that the railroads in the United States should be owned by the Federal Government.

Affirmative	**Negative**
Roswell Merritt	Rachael Hemenway
Fay Page	Lydia Wade

Song ..... Boys' Glee Club
Song—"We are Marching On" ..... Combined Glee Clubs

The debate was won by the affirmative.

HONORS

The following honors for Graduation have been given out:

Valedictorian ..... Jennie Kiely
Salutatorian ..... May Benoit
Class Prophetess ..... Dorothy Rhoades
Class Historian ..... Ruth Brooks
Prophet on Prophetess ..... Clarence Larkin

Special High School Course

Valedictorian ..... Kenneth Nash
Salutation ..... Jennie Gifford
Class Prophetess ..... Tressa Dobbs
Prophetess on Prophetess ..... May Ryan
Class Historian ..... Philip Purrington

There was a short struggle between Japan and America (Japan being represented by Kenneth Damon, known as Gauk, and U. S. by Ted Dolan). This struggle took place on Reverend Mr. Pierpont's lawn. All Americans are glad to announce that Japan was so beaten that it was forced to flee home.

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..... May Ryan
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The people of Williamsburg wish to advise Jennie Gifford when she wishes to decide what her future occupation will be, to look back upon her school-days at W. H. S. and remember how she learned to shoot fouls with pleasure, in the many basket-ball games in which she took part. Then she may decide to start a chicken ranch.

THE TRIALS OF EDWARDO

"Say, Ma, kin I——."

"Edwardo, what did I tell you about addressing me?" came from the next room.

"Gee, I've forgotten," came the surprised answer.

"Well, I told you to say please mother may I, and don't let me hear you say 'gee' any more, and don't forget to wipe your feet on the mat before you come in," came the querulous answer.

"Well, please mother, may I go over to Mike's house? And say, Ma, Mike, he wants to know, kin I go in swimmin' with him," came the excited questions.

"Young man, come in here immediately. I have something to tell you. You have got to go to the station and meet your Uncle Ephriham, and you are to put on your high collar and red, white and black striped neck tie.

"Ah, gee," he said as he entered the room, "can't a fellow have—"

"Edwardo Percival Mortimier Jones, what have you done with your hat? Just after I get all the freckles off your nose you go and get sun urned. I don't see any use trying to make you look nice!" said his provoked mother, "but you mark my words, young man, you'll get your share of cold cream tonight, and don't forget it. Now you go to your room and stay there till I call again."

Soon after Edwardo left the room a cat came down the stairs mewing pitifully. It's sides were all plastered down with something shiny, but what, Edwardo's mother could not guess. Then she called her son and asked him what it was.

Leaning down he touched the cat, then smelling his fingers he said, "Gee, ma, it smells like cold cream!"

ELIZABETH MATHERS '19

BASEBALL

The baseball team after its usual worry about financial circumstances finally, in the early part of the spring, arranged for an entertainment

and dance. The result of this affair was fully as successful as expected. This gave us an encouraging start and as soon as the water in right field was reasonably shallow, we started in to practice. After a couple of nights of good practice, we opened the season with Smith Agricultural School April 21, on their grounds. After making them place three pitchers on the slab, we were able to bring home an easy victory, winning by a score of 19—10. The farmer lassies were there strong, waiting to cheer the Aggie boys, but their opportunities were few. Cogswell, of the Aggies, on the coaching line, while kidding some of our players, lost sight of the ball and Larkin threw to Culver and got Cogswell's man out off of first. Such things as this caused dead silence among the home rooters.

Our next struggle occurred with Amherst. They were to come to Burgy April 29, but as right field was yet a dangerous place to bring visitors, we decided to have the game in Haydenville. This game was on Saturday and many intimate friends of the players were at hand. Their presence caused stage fright to some and O'Brien on shortstop, refused to even look up at a high fly. And so, with two men on and two out, this gave the visitors a real gift of two runs. Nevertheless, we played a tight game and kept close to them all the way, finishing with a defeat of 6—5. Instead of being discouraged by our defeat we were really encouraged for we thought we had no chance at all with them.

Our next game was on May 3 with Hopkins. This was the first game played on the Nash field and we were glad to have them as our guests, not because we thought we could beat them, but merely bcause we liked their company. They were a little afraid of us and wanted to know if Murphy pitched the day we played Amherst. The game ran along smoothly and quite comfortably for us and we came out on top with a score of 9—1.

We changed the date of our next game so that we could go over to Hopkins the next week on May 9. This was quite an interesting game for us for we scored 19 runs to their 4. Although there was a great deal of hitting the heavy hitters did very little this day. But while they were watching the big ones the smaller members sneaked in enough hits to make our lead quite comfortable. Ted Dolan played a great game at second, getting two assists and one put-out in one inning. "Bolly" Ryan, when cornered between third and home, gave the big pitcher an awful chase back to third, and as soon as he landed safely on the bag, the pitcher tore up behind him and fell over him. Although Bolly was lucky here the third sack proved to be Culver's Waterloo. He was on second and the ball was hit; Culver reached third all right, but stumbled over the bag and his long reach was of no avail, for he was tagged out

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before he could regain the bag. Again when he laced a hit out, good for three bases, he met his fate while approaching third, for the ball had returned to its sender and he was called out.

For our next game we went to Easthampton on May 18. As some of the girls had formed a custom of accompanying us on this trip, seven or eight of them did their part in maintaining the custom. We hope it was because more of them didn't come rather than because they came, that we lost by a close score of 8—7. We started the game and five of our men crossed the plate in the first inning. We now fear that this was too much of a good start, for, we got a little too much confidence and when they started to come in the fifth, we could see that they were going to keep coming. They did keep coming and by the eighth inning they had us 8—5. In this inning Connelly of E. H. S. hit a bingle out into left center past a set of goal posts. Goodwin chased it, picked it up and slammed it against the goal post, while Connelly made a complete circuit of the bases with two men ahead of him. O'Brien on short, put an end to their rally by his spectacular catch. He jumped in the air and caught a hot liner back-hand. We now came in for our last chance to win. None of our men had scored since the first inning. We made one more dash for the goal and after we had scored 2 runs, and with two out, we put O'Brien in to bat for Graves, but he failed to come across, getting his finger hit during the process of striking out. Dunphy did fast work on the bases and in the first inning stole second and third while the pitcher stod in his box with the ball.

We played Amherst High May 24. It took us some time to find the field, but we finally landed at the M. A. C. grounds ready for business. After the first inning they had us by three runs and we thought that they would gradually run up their side of the score far beyond our reach. But we then began to show signs of life. But on account of our hits being so scattered we were able to score only three runs to their five, although we hit their pitcher much harder than they were able to hit Murphy. We were allowed a few intermissions during the game, while the M. A. C. soldiers invaded the diamond on their march. The game was a good one and its interest to us was not marred by defeat.

We had our next game with Smith School May 31. This game was liberally mingled with protests from the other side against decisions of the umpires. To satisfy our guests we used three different umpires. We played a slugging game and hit their pitcher for 16 hits, while they could only get four poor hits off of Murphy. Murphy helped to win his own game with two doubles and two singles. Everyone hit Cogswell and we easily scored 12 runs while they could get but two runs.

We have two more home games scheduled for this season. The first one comes June 19 with E. H. S., and our last game is to be against the Alumni on June 23.

The Tenth Legion

When Caesar was in Italy
  In the sunny Apennines;
There rose a fierce rebellion,
  From North and colder climes
It rose in warlike Belgium
  And that is just the reason
Why Caesar hastened to that place
  With his faithful old tenth legion.

EDWARD DOLAN '18

VOTES FOR WOMEN

An eccentric old bachelor was sitting in a large armed chair overlooking the City square.

The reason for watching the city square was to see the many women walking back and forth with erect bearings and pround miens. This was their day, to be sure. Every woman wore white and yellow banners floating conspicuously in the breeze and here and there were large banners with the words "Votes for Women," "Down With Oppression" and many others emblazoned thereon.

As Mr. Jones watched them he was thinking of his supper and what he could scrape together, because his cook and all his maids had gone to help along this wonderful cause by their presence. A feeling of enmity (that was always there) rambled in his heart as he poured forth his bitter lamentations to himself.

Finally with a set look upon his face he started off down the street to see if he couldn't bribe some women to get his supper or still better he would get it at a boarding house.

He went by a back street to the boarding house and rapped. Of course he received no answer; this house was owned and run by three elderly spinsters, who at this moment were upon "stumps" in different places putting forth, in inflamed words, the cruel deeds of mankind.

With another frown added to his already befrowned face, Mr. Jones started along towards the square.

One woman, younger and prettier than the rest, was tired of carrying her heavy ensign and accordingly welcomed the sight of a portly man who looked as if he would carry her banner. With her welcoming thoughts she hurried towards him, thrust the banner into his hands and with a word of thanks hurried away.

The bachelor could do nothing but stand and stare at the woman, who was so audacious as to do as bold a thing as that (to him) seemed.

Before he had time to settle his brain after the great upheaval, several women had surrounded him and in the next instant he had signed a card promising to help in every way, "The Great and Just Cause of

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Women Suffrage." M. R. SMITH '18.

THE HONORS

Some of the Seniors are very happy,
And the Juniors and Sophomores, too;
For the honors were given out today
For the ones who had something to do.

Many congratulations were given to the honored,
Who, happy as happy could be,
Each said, "I never expected
That this could have happened to me!"

RUTH BRAMBLE '18

The Freshies have got into the habit of studying Biology during the English period.

Teacher:—"Now, remember, you cannot bring a book to this class except your English books."

Goodwin, '19:—"Can I bring my pocket book with me?"

Mr.L arkin to Roswell Merritt:—"Why are you late this morning?"

Roswell:—"My watch was slow."

Mr. Larkin:—"I guess the owner of the watch was slower."

TO THE ALUMNI

Your officers are making preparations for a big Alumni Night, June 23, 1916. The business will be followed by an entertainment and dance. An effort will be made to put on "Jumbo Jum" again for those who couldn't attend the first performance. It will be extremely difficult to do so on account of the usual rush during the graduation rehearsals.

Arrangements are also being made to stage our first Alumni vs. Varsity ball game. This game will lbe played on the Nash Field at 3 o'clock, June 23, 1916. Such famous old timers as J. J. Larkin, P. P. Larkin, Robert Purrington, and later Alumni—James Dolan, Roswell Jorgensen, Chester Jorgensen, Leonard Walpole, Fred Smiley, Donald Purrington, Alden Purrington, George Dolan, Edward Loomis and others will be on hand to try to check our midget ball heroes. Murphy, our "smoke king" and Larkin as catcher will present a formidable defense. We can't imagine anyone brave enough to be umpire.

The Officers of the Alumni
President, Edward Loomis
Vice President, Myra Hill
Secretary, Grace M. Larkin
Treasurer, Roswell Jorgensen

Executive Committee
Edward Loomis
Edward P. Larkin, Jr.
Nellie Dolan
Grace M. Larkin
Roswell Jorgensen
Leila Hyde
Mildred Pierpont
Anna T. Dunphy
Myra Hill

ALUMNI NEWS

As it would be a difficult task to give an account of the many and varied 'doings' of the Alumni, it seems best to begin with the class of 1915, the last class to be graduated before the first issue of the new school paper, "The Unquomonk."

The members of that class are scattered as follows:

Lula Bisbee and Laura Bisbee are attending Smith College.

Hazel Damon is attending Fitchburg Normal School and is a member of the basket ball team. She has been elected captain of the team for the coming year.

Chester Jorgensen is a clerk at the Haydenville Savings Bank.

Sarah Pierpont is attending the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics and is a member of the school orchestra. "There's music in the air."

Leonard Walpole is a clerk at W. J. Sheehan's in Haydenville. And a competent clerk is he.

Evelyn Nash and Myra Goodhue are students at Westfield Normal School.

Gladys Wells is staying at home, and learning the dress-making trade. A stitch in time saves the rent.

Esther Purrington has been attending Capen School at Northampton for the last year.

Fred Smiley is working in a tannery at Port Allegheny, Penn.

A Few Notes of Interest About Other Alumni

James Dolan '13, has recently been appointed assistant superintendent of the Construction Company in Paterson, N. J.

Elizabeth Moore '13, has been elected to the first team in Cricket at Smith College. She is also a member of the Vox Club.

Hazel Alexander '05, has returned to Forbes Library, Northampton, having completed a course in library work at Columbia University, N. Y.

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Marion Damon '08, a graduate of Smith College, and Raymond Sylvester ex.-'08, were married at the home of the bride June 6. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester will make their home on South Street.

Roswell Jorgensen '13, treasurer of the Alumni Association, has accepted a position in Springfield, Vt. During his absence Chester Jorgensen is "taking the money."

Sophie Damon '14, will be graduated from Fitchburg Normal School in June, and Harriet Hamilton '12 will also complete her course at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE HOPKINS—WILLIAMSBURG BASEBALL GAME

Up in Williamsburg she have one grand school,
I think it's best of all.
They have some boy up there too
That like to play the ball.

I gonna told you about a game
I saw play over there on Hadley
The Hopkin boy make lots of noise
But they were beat so badly.

Gee whiz, how Culver swat that ball,
I never see before.
He take one base, two base,
But he want just one more.

He start for three like one big deer,
I guess his leg she's got the gout.
The fielder throw the ball on top his ear,
The umpire say "She's out."

Dunphy, she's pretty good too.
Gee, how he like to roam.
He take the one base, two base, three base,
And then he steal his home.

Ted Dolan he play the second base
Like the spider he catch the fly,
And the smile she cover half his face
When he see the batter die.

Murphy she's the pitcher
  I think she's best of all.
The feet hang down upon his neck
  When he throws the cork-screw ball

When I get back to Canada
  I will tell my Phelix the same—
Goodbye to you my dear, best friends,
  I'm glad you won the game.

JUMBO-JUM

Jumbo-Jum, a farce in one act, was given in the Town Hall, April for the benefit of the Boys' Athletic Association. The players all took their parts excellently and everyone felt repaid for attending. The cast was as follows:

Jumbo-Jum ..... Thomas Wells
Mr. Gobbleton ..... Carl Hemenway
Mrs. Gobbleton ..... Rachel Hemenway
Henry Merville ..... Clarence Larkin
Adalaid ..... Ruth Brooks
Lawyer Cheetum ..... Henry Pritchard
Hannah Filkins ..... Pearl Anderson

WHY THE WINTER IS SO COLD

If you should ask the Indians what made the winter so cold, they might tell you this story:

"Many years ago, when the world was still new, the seasons were all of the same climate, the winter was the same as the summer and the spring as the fall, a son of Mother Nature came on earth whose name was Temperature.

"It was early in the year when this new son came, and the fields were brown. Every day he grew bigger and stronger, and as he became so, the trees began to show leaves, the grass to grow tall and green and the sun shone brightly. The weather was warm and fair and all who were alive wondered at the change. These months were called "Spring" because all nature seemed to spring to life.

"Then Temperature became gay and jolly. He made the sun shine brightly and it ripened the fruits. Everything was bright for three months and Nature named those months "Summer."

"Then more doleful days came. Temperature was getting old and sad. Often times he was so very sad that he caused the clouds to cover

the sun and made the rain come down in torrents. But some days he was happier and then he made the sun shine and the people went on with their work.

"Near the end of three months, Temperature called Jack Frost and ordered him to paint the leaves red and gold and to paint window panes slightly with his silver paint. These months were called "Autumn."

"The summer had been very warm and it was now that the cold weather elves, anxious to get busy, wrought their mischief.

"The King of the Winds sent the North Wind and his helpers and froze a crust over the brooks and lakes and made Old Temperature himself feel rather chilly. Then the Snow King sent his little white elves who covered the ground completely and made a beautiful white covering for the plants. The cold and the snow then transformed Temperature. They froze a beard onto his chin and turned his hair white also.

"But in the spring, when the power of the cold elves subsided, he gained power again, renewed his youth, and came out in great joy. He has done this every spring since then and reigns to this day on earth."

This—the Indians believe—is the reason why the winter is so cold.

Miss Dunphy to Murray Graves '19, in Biology:—"Tell about the process of digestion.

Graves '19:—"Well, when the food is thoroughly masqueraded in the mouth, it passes to the gullet."

Mary Smiley does not want a certain young man to go hunting anymore because he is such a dear she is afraid that he will be shot. (A note from the editor wishes to know whether she fears a sportsman's bullet or a cupid's arrow.)

Freshy, to Warner '16:—"What is the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl.

Warner '16:—"Me next a girl."

Dear Teacher:—

Please excuse Tommy Wells from school yesterday afternoon as he fell into the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother.

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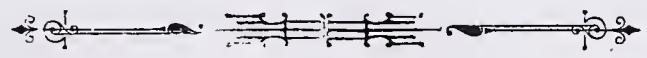

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